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INDECISIONS IN PATTI SCOFFIELD

By

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Requirements for the Degree
MASTER OF FINE ARTS

SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTS AND SCIENCES
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A thesis, for me, wasn't easy to produce. The embryonic ideas that led to its creation surfaced in the Fall of 1982. It began with "writing" that, for no other reason than to categorize, I called poems. These poems were the stimulus for the thesis that was displayed for one week in March of 1984. In the next few pages, I will try to unravel and explore some of the complexities that produced the thesis project, "Indecisions In Patti Scoffield".

For a long time, I had difficulty creating images that satisfied me. The creative part of me would make an object, and not long after its creation, the critical aspect of consciousness would destroy the value I had placed on it. I would make something I liked, photographically or otherwise, then critical mind would take over and I wouldn't like it anymore. This mental process kept me dissatisfied with the work I created. I realized the problem I had was not unique. The difference between my confrontation with the creation of works of art and most people's is that I shift from dominant creative mind to dominant critical mind. I believe in the past the artist had a dominant creative mind and a subordinate critical mind. The artist produced

objects. The critic had a dominant critical mind and a subordinate creative mind. He evaluated objects. Somehow when it came to my position in reference to the artist and the critic, I came out on the line between the two. At times I would be dominant creative and at times dominant critical. So to be able to deal with the process of creating a thesis, I addressed the conflict that could have destroyed my ability to create artwork. I did so by dealing with it metaphorically, approaching it as a relationship between Patti Scoffield (creative mind), and vicious crazy dog (critical mind). I let the thesis deal with that process.

When the two parts of the process, "creative mind", and "critical mind", were at the point of taking on a metaphoric relationship with living characters, there was no conscious decision made as to what each would be, either in terms of which character would represent each part of the process, or whether the character would function as male or female. I didn't sit down and outline the process, then make conscious decisions about which character would best represent "creative mind" or "critical mind". The process was subjective. The characters evolved in the same way the poems did, and through the poems the metaphors were created and the characters were given their personalities. These personalities continued to grow and eventually became associated visually with a girl and a dog. The

important thing to remember is that the poems that were part of the thesis generated the pictures, and at no time did the real life personalities of the people in the pictures become content for the poems.

Patti Scoffield, "creative mind", was represented in the pictures by my wife, and "critical mind", or vicious crazy dog, was represented by my dog, Wilber. In the written part, the poems, Patti Scoffield and vicious crazy dog needed no real life counterparts. Words can create images that let the readers use their imagination as to what certain things described, look like. When the poems are read, without looking at the pictures, Patti can be anybody's Patti, and vicious dog can be anybody's dog. The reason I chose my wife and my dog to represent "creative" and "critical" mind in the pictures is that I needed to use something or someone with whom I had close contact, and someone that I wasn't afraid or self-conscious about photographing. The nature of the process of creating for me is extremely personal. Using someone I didn't know, to me, would have been an alienating process.

There were a number of characters that I discovered or invented before Patti Scoffield and vicious crazy dog appeared. Most notable in the creation of characters was "Amos Smile", who, as best I can remember, had a dog

named "Smiley". This character was described in a poem I wrote about Amos Smile's dog dying, and the relationship Amos had with his dog. I realize now that it was this poem that served as a basis for many of the characters who eventually made their way into the ideas that shaped the thesis. The poem about Amos and his dog was a metaphor for my own experiences, and my effort to express my feelings about losing my own dogs, Henrietta and Theodore. It was much easier to write about something that I had experienced that was painful in terms of someone else's loss. I guess it was therapeutic and in the end, the experience gained by writing the poem proved to be both stimulating and functional.

Many poems later, the character of Patti Scoffield began to develop. Patti Scoffield was initially a fictitious poet I was interviewing. I wasn't aware then that she would represent "creative mind" in the thesis. Her purpose was to allow me to separate myself from a process that was questioning not only the use of language, but the ability of words to function semantically, to have different meanings in different contexts. In the interview, Patti Scoffield talks about vicious crazy rabbit. Vicious crazy rabbit eventually became vicious crazy dog, who represents "critical mind" in the thesis. Patti Scoffield, the poet, became Patti Scoffield, the metaphor for "creative mind".

The thesis includes both written information in the form of poems, and visual information in the form of pictures. The ideas behind the pictures came from the poems, but there was not a one-to-one correlation. The pictures were related to the poems in that they dealt with the same characters, Patti and vicious crazy dog. The metaphorical relationship between the two characters caused the pictures to create non-written dialogue for the viewer. When you write or take pictures, you're not only expressing what you feel about a certain situation, but at the time you're writing or shooting, you are preparing ground for future poems or pictures.

I fluctuate when I think about how effective one form of creating is over the other, for me. Sometimes I feel that both poems and pictures can express the ideas I have in mind. Sometimes I have an affinity with one form over the other. At times, words are ineffective for me. The experience can lose its importance or magnitude if literally described. This, I believe, is the domain in which pictures function best. Words are ineffective in describing my dog, Mable. Pictures show her playfulness, her expressions, and her personality. But for me, pictures are not the total solution, because the things I want to capture with pictures many times are invented, and don't exist in the real world. This is where

words are so useful. Words can be expressive and extremely powerful, so that sometimes when used with pictures, the words don't give the pictures enough expressive room. Since my writing is based on the use of metaphors, the problem becomes more complex. Many times I found the pictures would destroy the words. It was easy for me to write about vicious dog attacking Patti's knees, but it was extremely difficult to describe this in pictures. Words can create mental images. My poems created mental images that at times left little room for my pictures to exist. It was the marriage of words and pictures that I strove for when creating the thesis. Poems generate more poems. Pictures generate pictures. Poems can create mental images. Pictures can produce the stimulus for poems.

My attempt at combining poems and pictures was far from being analytical. My approach was simply to write and shoot. The poems I liked, I kept, and eventually included them in the thesis presentation. The pictures I liked, I sequenced and then included them in the thesis. What existed in the end was a group of poems and a group of pictures with poems interspersed. With every marriage there are problems. I wanted to produce poems and pictures that could function together to express the difficulty I have creating. For me to find

a simple solution, one that would have satisfied the problem, would have been nice, but the problem didn't come overnight and probably can't be resolved in a single thesis.

I realized that I reached plateaus in my creative problem solving. I labled the problem and approached it in a way that allowed me methods to approach solutions. The problem was my difficulty in creating art. The method was to approach it in metaphorical terms, having two characters represent different aspects of consciousness. The solution was an attempt to resolve the differences between the characters. In the end, if the solution would have been totally successful, I would be able to create with no difficulty. What I am left with after the thesis is the recognition that the problem of creating is more a problem of producing. I have difficulty producing objects that adequately represent my ideas. I'm also left with the problem of searching for a form that is best able to describe the ideas I want to express. The thesis opened a door and inside that room were many more doors. I haven't decided which door to open next, but I have decided not to close any of those that I have opened.

The ideas behind the thesis and the problems of working with words and pictures have been described. What

remains to be addressed is the problem of form. The poems never really presented me with problems as to which form they would take. I would just sit down and write. I have no formal background in poetry and because of this, I never addressed the formal questions that poets probably deal with. As for rhyme and reason, I never considered the question of rhyme, and often considered the question of reason. The reason I wrote is because I had ideas to express and words were capable of expressing them. Poems gave me the ability to communicate ideas, and a flexible medium. Poems can have fragmented sentences, run-on sentences, and nouns used as adjectives. They can be grammatically incorrect and still be effective. This flexibility was useful and enjoyable.

The thesis pictures were in a constant state of flux. I had difficulty deciding whether the pictures should be straight photographic prints or manipulated prints. When I went the route of the manipulated print, I ran into difficulty. The manipulated print gave me the ability to add things to the picture that didn't exist in the real world. I became so intense about the process of manipulation that manipulation became the reason for creating the picture and not the ideas that were related to the thesis. The thesis was extremely

idea oriented, and it was difficult to manipulate the print and retain the idea of conflict between "creative" and "critical" mind.

For me, the photograph that is not manipulated has a hard time expressing things that don't exist in the real world. It's hard to photograph a dog with twenty-seven pairs of flapping wings, even though in our mind, we can conjure such an image. Words have little difficulty in creating things that don't exist physically. So the problem was one of deciding to use the straight photographic print and try to capture the feeling the poems conveyed, or use a manipulated print and try to overcome the problem of the physical process speaking louder than the ideas that supported the thesis. The solution I chose was to use the unmanipulated print. I tried to create the feeling the poems conveyed, and tried to let the emphasis remain on the ideas, on mental process, and not product.

While the thesis was being shown, and for a few weeks afterwards, I was pleased with what I had done. I had reached the deadline for the show with a product. It was a product that represented my ideas. Looking back, I think the thesis had its strong as well as weak points. The poems were strong. They were fluid and kept the

reader's attention. The pictures were weaker than the poems, and although some of the pictures were strong visually, they were given very little room to survive by the poems. The process of creating the thesis convinced me of the difficulty of working with words and pictures. "Creative" and "critical" mind have not laid down their arms, but are simply in search for new battle grounds.

Q

LARRY D. LEAN.

Decision - Indecision

Patti's face, in constant shift.

Indecision to Decision, then Indecision again.

BETWEEN WHAT SHE THOUGHT WAS REAL, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT WAS, PATTERNS IN HER OWN TERMINOLOGY.

THE FEAR OF NOT BEING ABLE TO DESCRIBE

WHAT HER INSIDES FOR A LONG TIME KNEW,

ALIENATION - CONSTANT FEAR OF SEPARATENESS,

NO LONGER PART OF CONSCIOUS PIC

that spat forth meaning in terms of life.

TERMS UNDESCRIBED, AND OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD.

SHIFT/ IN BED, AT BODY REST, DO ALL THE MENTAL PARTS FIT? AS IF SOME BAD DREAM COULD SPLINTER CONCRETE -

SOMETHING SHE KNEW OR UNDERSTOOD, PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

"I WILL NOT LET INDECISION SHATTER:

Creep in while I sleep" "I WILL LIE WITH

ONE EYE OPEN AND ONE EYE CLOSED - INTERVALS

then shift - now other eye - Alienation caused

BY SEPARATION - IN TERMS OF decision, then Indecision.

I WAS, AND AT THE SAME TIME, I AM - I FEEL ME ONE

AND I FEEL ME MANY PARTS.

SHIFT/ PATTI, IN TERMS OF "SHARP DOGS" TEETH -

at times with teeth sunk into the hands of process,

indecisive ABOUT WHETHER teeth WAS PART OF hand,

OR hand A PART OF teeth. And when they asked

how many people lived here inside of the "small child that spoke, and loved and hated each and every word".

Patti spoke softly "3", then cleared her throat to answer "one". "the one that destroys the one that

creates. - WITH HANDS THAT ARE TATTOOED WITH SCARS

that were left, from the 5 teeth of vicious

CRAZY DOG.

LARRY D. LEAN

COONIE MOONEY - CRITICAL MIND

Vicious dog - I would often call you "COONIE MOONEY"
 BECAUSE I had it figured that when the moon
 went down, tired having worked all night -
 it rested in your eyes -
 Your teeth behaved themselves, and didn't bite,
 but remained on "ALERT" just in case my sleep
 escaped me - AND I wrestling with time and space
 fell into nightmares of "process".
 You knew your pace -
 NEVER too fast to be ineffective
 BUT FAST ENOUGH TO KEEP ME "OFFGUARD".
 WAS I THAT DESIRABLE?,
 OR WAS IT THAT I WAS DIFFICULT TO CATCH BECAUSE
 MY DIRECTIONS WERE MANY.
 I use to laugh when thinking of you, my knees cold,
 swallowing, dropping masks to reveal a small
 boy lost while chasing dreams.
 OCCASIONALLY I would taste the words "I'LL STOP,
 I'LL JUST STOP, IT'S KILLING ME", AS THEY TRAVELED
 UP FROM GUT OR DOWN FROM BRAIN TO REST ON TONGUE,
 before jumping from my lips into public conversation.
 Dog one, Patti zero.
 You knew as well as I, that process had consumed,
 had laid to rest the idea of "not completing".
 THERE WAS NO CHANCE - END WOULD NOT COME -
 AND WHEN YOU WEREN'T SO SURE, FEAR WOULD RUSH
 INTO YOUR EYES, filling like full moons, satisfying
 appetite, or planting seeds of understanding,
 that if process stopped, Patti quit, you would

have to quit too -
and the viciousness that lived inside your teeth,
had no escape.

CRITICAL MIND

- THERE WAS INSINCERITY IN YOUR MIND, WHEN
YOU CALLED "FOUL", AND BLINDED PROCESS -
WHEN WE SPOKE OF THE "SMALL SILENT CHILD THAT CALLED
OUT INTO THE NIGHT", I REALIZED WE WERE CALLING YOU.
AND YOU WOULD COME AND STARE AT US,
AND WE WOULD STARE AT US, AND WE REALIZED THAT
PICTURES WERE PART OF WHAT MADE US COME TRUE,
AND ALTHOUGH INSINCERITY RAINED LIKE A THOUSAND
THUNDER STORMS IN YOUR MIND,
YOUR MOUTH SPOKE NOTHING BUT "TRUTH",
AND WHEN "PROCESS" SPRANG FORTH LIKE
SHADOWS IN THE NIGHT,
YOU GATHERED UP ARMIES OF IDEAS,
THAT YOU THOUGHT WOULD TAKE US DOWN
THE ROAD TO RESOLUTION, WAITING PATIENTLY
FOR THE TIME, NOT JUST TIME, BUT "PERFECT" TIME,
TO HARD CHARGE IN, BITE AND DESTROY,
BUT WE KNEW, WHAT LIVED INSIDE YOUR HEART,
AND WOULD OFTEN LAUGH,
WHEN YOUR TEETH, FOUND THEIR HOME,

LARRY D. LEAN

Patti (creative mind)

Patti, part of process, that glided into recognition,
into collision with the words that fell off her
tongue in private conversations: works of art.
I would laugh sometimes, and hear you laugh,
and wonder how you hid the dog, or if parts
of you played while parts of you built fences,
or mended them with hands that knew only
"lack of recognition".

You are alive, and vivacious, and although time
was drawing near, when group situations
would require you to roll up trousers legs
and point to bruises and bites, you laugh about
it all, covered your concern with tainted phrases
of "well everybody has to" - why with ball point
pen would you label, on each and every bite and
bruise, his name - "vicious dog," and date when you
were bitten - I knew you well, because I knew your
insides, your concrete outer lining, that protected
a heart, that was the angel's envy.

You were fearless, well protected at times, and
when you hurt, it was because you lost belief in "self".
You were not difficult, complex, or involved in games
that required memorization of the encyclopedia
of understanding - but you search, you search
for "reasons" - why hands aren't attached to mind,
why images weren't impressions of your face,
and why when all your body laughed, your "self"
laughed with it, but when you cried, your "self" cried
alone.

Recognition of process in metaphorical terms -
creative - Patti
critical (destructive) - critical dog.

DO NOT BARK SO LOUD, 5'6" small petite
teeth of process bruised.
could you understand why? - with
purple shins, we hobbled toward what I thought
was mind recognized.
I NEVER TALKED ABOUT HOW 4 legs FURY,
would take you into collision course
with legs two - "Hiding, trying to avoid" "show & tell".
DID KNEES REALLY taste that good, OR WAS it because
there WAS NOTHING LEFT TO DO BUT BITE.
AND THEN WITH MATHEMATICAL MIND, WOULD SIT
AND COUNT, ANALYZE - "HAD ANYTHING BEEN LOST?"
DID PRIDE WEAR MORE BANDAGES THAN FAILURE.
WERE THE WOUNDS DEEPER AND DID THEY LAST LONGER,
OR WERE PURPLE KNEES A sign
SYMBOLIC OF STRUGGLE -
TO CRAWL, TO FALL, BEFORE WALK.
WAS IT TRUE, THAN WHEN BRUISES LEFT SKIN,
WE WENT BACK AND TATOOED - SO IN TIME,
IF PROCESS WAS EXTENDED, I COULD GO BACK
AND LOOK, MATCH BRUISE TO TATOO, AND
RECOGNIZE - RE - COGNIZE.
SHIFT/ HER FINGERS HAD TATOOED TO THEM PARTS
OF SOMEONE ELSE'S MIND - INDEXICAL REPRESENTATIONS
SHE COULD NOT RID HERSELF OF.
SHE WOULD OFTEN SAY
"When I touch things I also

TOUCH WITH SOMEONE ELSE'S HAND", TURNING
HER BACK ON VOICE ECHOED, SHE WOULD AGREE -
AND WHEN SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND WHISPERED,
SHE KNEW THE VOICE SHE HEARD BELONGED TO HER
OR SHE/ SO WHEN THE VICIOUSNESS OF PROCESS
REVEALED ITSELF.

SHE LOOKED AT KNEES BRUISED, AND PLACING HANDS
TO MOUTH, SHE WOULD SPEAK IN TERMS OF "SELF ANALYZED",
AND TONGUE TO HAND, TASTE THE SLOPPINESS OF
SOMEONE ELSE'S SOUL. SHE WOULD SIT AND READ
ABOUT "THE SMALL SILENT CHILD, WHO CREPT OUT INTO
THE NIGHT, AND SPOKE, AND LOVED AND HATED EACH
AND EVERY WORD"

- EYES FIXED ON TATOOED BRUISES

that would not wipe clean,

scribbling with BLACK BALL POINT PEN,

BESIDE PURPLE, THE WORDS,

"I small child, no longer afraid to speak,
indexical being ANALYZED."

LARRY D. LEAN

IT WASN'T BY HIS NATURE TO BE MEAN,
HE ONLY SEARCHED TO UNDERSTAND THE REASONS
FOR HER BEING. THE REASON SHE SO FRANTICALLY
CHASED EVERY VISUAL DREAM - WHEN SHE KNEW AS
WELL AS ANY,
BUT HAD DIFFICULTY SEEING,
THE PART OF HER THAT LIVED ON THE INSIDE,
HAD PARTS OF THE OUTSIDE TOO.

✓
LARRY D. LEAN

WAS SHE REALLY THAT MUCH A PART OF ME?
BREATH THAT BECAME ALIENATED TO
EASE THE INDEXICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF HER WORDS.
WHEN YEARS IN A SINGLE MOMENT PAST, SHE SPOKE
GENTLY - "WHAT IS THEIR NAMES?" AND I KNOWING
BOTH FOR SO MANY YEARS, COULD NOT REPLY.
BALANCED ON THE BORDERLINE OF IGNORANCE AND WISDOM
FOR SO MANY YEARS, AND SCARED TO BREATHE
THINKING LUNG WITH LESS AIR WOULD CAUSE THE
IMBALANCE THAT WOULD DROP ME OFF THE LINE
TO THE UNKNOWN SIDE - I HELD IT, AND REFUSED
TO SPEAK, EXCEPT TO DEFEND MYSELF WHEN THE
VICIOUSNESS OF DOG BEING ATTACKED.
SHIFT/ WHAT WERE HIS TEETH LIKE - THE FINE LINE
BETWEEN DECISION AND INDECISION, CONCEPT ALIENATION,
HIS FUR WARM-HEART WITH ONE THAT COULD IDENTIFY -
I MUST CONFESS, AT TIMES, I TOO WOULD FIND REFUGE
THEIR (THERE), AND THROW STICKS AND STONES
AGAINST THE BONES OF CRAZY CONSCIOUSNESS - AGAINST
PATTI'S LEGS, THE FOUNDATION OF SUBCONSCIOUSNESS -
AND WHEN STONES WERE GONE, AND BEFORE ALL
THE STICKS OF CRITICAL MIND HAD BEEN DEPLETED,
I WOULD RUSH OVER TO SEE IF WE HAD BRUISED,
PRAYING TO GOD ON THE WAY, THAT WE HAD NOT BROKEN.
SHIFT/ IT FELT SO GOOD TO ESCAPE, TO RUN WITH
PURPLE SHINS AND FEEL THE WINDS OF ONE-SIDEDNESS
BRUSH PAST THE HEART OF OUR OWN KNEES - TO SEE
OUR BRUISES AS COLORS UNANALYZED - TO ESCAPE
THE BREATH OF DOG THAT BIT SOMETIMES ONLY AT
THE WIND, OR PANTING BREATH OF KNEES LEFT
UNDECIDED.

LARRY D. LEAN

THEY TWO OFTEN MASQUERADED AS ONE,
Something completely explained,
AND AT THE SAME TIME UNDESCRIBABLE -
THE CURRENTS, THE RIFTS OF MENTALNESS,
THE CONSTANT SHIFTS, TOOK ITS TOLL.
BOTH HAD BEEN BIT; BOTH WITH MENTAL SCARS -
"THERES KNOWLEDGE, AND UNCONTROLLABLE
FUSION OF SHARED IDEAS, THAT RESISTED UNEARTHING,
BUT WITH MENTAL DIRT DISCARDED, WITH PURENESS
OF HEART, AND TOES ALL ACCOUNTED FOR, SHE WOULD,
THROUGH SIMPLE USE OF LOGIC - FIND STRUCTURE
IN CODE. THE SIGNS, WHERE AND FOR WHOM
DID THEY STAND, WITH FIST BALLED UP, WITH
FIRST TWO FINGERS EXTENDED, SHE GAVE THE SIGN
OF DOG. TWO UP, THREE IN. A SIGN, MADE WITH
HAND, THAT BELONGED TO WRIST, A WRIST THAT BELONGED
TO HER. "THERE IS NOTHING COMPLICATED ABOUT IT,"
SHE SAID, AND WITH PRECISION WITH WHICH ONLY
HER HEART COULD MATCH, SHE STRUGGLED TO REVEAL
THE VICIOUSNESS CORRALLED BY SIGN - OF WHICH
HAND CONVEYED.

SHIFT/ DOG HAD NO HAND, NO FINGERS, THAT BELONGED
TO WRIST, NO SIGN CONVEYED - ONLY TOES SHORT
AND 20, 3 OF WHICH HE SIGNED FOR HER.
17 HE SIGNED FOR HIM.

THE COLLISION COURSE, THE RUPTURE OF STRUCTURE
THAT MOST OFTEN SERVED TO BARRICADE, HAD BEGUN.
PATTI WOULD SIGN "DOG" - HE HAD THREE TOES, THAT
HE ASSIGNED TO HER.

LARRY D. LEAN

Why, in the night, did she sometimes want to run?
Process had consumed, had conquered, had manipulated
her so that when she didn't tell the truth, she was
so satisfied. She found herself face to face
with viciousness of dog, eyes fixed, staring,
uttering the words

"This is me", then "No this is not me", and she
would sit for hours, rereading letters she
had written to herself, seeing products that
represented a time, a space, and a place,
and laugh, knowing that the fingers that
scratched out lines in space, were not her
own now, but belonged to someone she
knew, not so very long ago.

Shift/ She knew what ruled her body was
her mind, and when fingers clutched pencil,
and scrawled and scribbled, that lines must
represent the tracing, the linear verbalness
of her mind.

It could be nothing less, it could not be nothing
more. Her work was about "process",
unraveling the complications that existed in
the relationship between the "viciousness of
dog", (with teeth that knew no other knees)
and herself, Patti, small petite,
unrealized, but on the path, that she had
labeled with "mind's pencil" — "realization".

TO WORDS:

HOW WAS VICIOUS DOG ANY DIFFERENT THAN
WHAT WE HAD KNOWN BEFORE?

WAS OUR SANITY UNAFFECTED- AS WE
HASTENED TO LOOSEN THE GRIP
OF THAT TO WHICH WE BELONGED.

COULD WE JUDGE, THEN WITH THE PATIENCE OF JOB,
LET THE ONE CONVICTED- SURVIVE,
THE PUNISHMENT WITH PARDON.

THE TWO COLLIDED, BUT SOMEHOW IN COLLISION
THE UNITY OF PROCESS, REVEALED, EACH LIVED
IN TERMS OF THE OTHER, ADJUSTING. THEIR
DECISIONS, THEIR RECONCILIATIONS, TO ADMINISTER
BANDAGES, AND AID, PATIENTLY, WHEN PROCESS
TOOK A DIVE, OR TOTALLY COLLAPSED.

④

Shift Poem #2

Patti knew no other person to be realized
other than "self" - It was "self" and "self" and "self" again,
and with hands that could only reach far enough to
touch her own body - she reached for that which
she could not understand -

What was real, analyzed, and that which was "ideal" -
to describe behavior, appearance, she thought - to be
able to see with eyes that recorded, only what mind had
coded.

"I will code, then decode, then re-code again". I will
emphasize meaning, then demeaning, then re-meaning
again; and with a shift into decision, problems
became analyzed. What could she talk about, with
tongue that dangled metaphors, and left descriptions
unattached - "What is quality" - she would ask herself -
and assuming the position of the person to whom the
question was asked - she uttered underneath her breath,
that coded in terms of meaning - "shared qualities,
unshared qualities, then shared qualities again." -
Her words had painted many pictures of things she
knew her mind could never see -

Pictures, then no pictures, then pictures again
and when she searched the pockets of her mind, in
which she thought all her wealth was tucked away -
she found inconsistency - then consistency - then
inconsistency again -

A broadened sense of a awareness of what constituted
"the value of the thing to be possessed."

LARRY D. LEAN

PATTI WOULD STAND,
PARTIALLY IN AND PARTIALLY OUT,
CONFUSED AS TO DIRECTION, AND IN SIMPLE STATES
OF BEWILDERMENT - SHE WOULD SOMETIMES UTTER -

"IF I WAS ONLY MEANT TO COME IN,
THEN WHY IS THERE A KNOB ON BOTH SIDES."

THEN SHE WOULD LAUGH ON THE INSIDE,
THEN CLOSING DOOR, SHE WOULD LAUGH ON THE
OUTSIDE TOO.

TWO STEPS FOWARD - THREE BEHIND, SHE SEARCHED
SOMETIMES FOR DREAMS SHE LABELED "UNATTAINABLE".
/CONFUSED AT TIMES - THE CONSISTENCY SHE DESCRIBED,
AS SHE STARED AT TOES - EACH OF WHICH SHE
BELIEVED HAD SEPARATE KNEES.

THERE WAS NOTHING SO PROFOUND ABOUT BRUISED KNEES.
BRUISED SHINS, ONLY MEMORIES, THAT WERE ROADMAPS
TO GOAL LABELED "PROCESS".

HOW COULD SHE SAY IT ANY CLEARER, TALK ABOUT
THE UNSPOKEN.

ABOUT THE PHYSIOLOGY.

ABOUT SOMETHING NOT COMPLETELY UNDERSTOOD.

LARRY D. LEAN

HAD THE TWO REACHED AGREEMENT?
AND IF SO, WHO GOT THE BETTER HAND?
THE PROCESS SO CLOSE TO COMPLETION,
"THEY NAMES" HAD BEEN DEFINED.
"MAYBE IT JUST TOOK TIME"- SHE SAID,
"AND WITH NO CONFLICT - WITH SATISFACTION
IN DOING, WITH WHICH LANGUAGE WILL I SPEAK?"
DOG LAY STILL AND SILENT.
PATTI NOW WOULD ANALYZE,
WOULD CRITICIZE, LESSONS SHE HAD LEARNED.
TRANSITION - DOG LAY STILL AND SILENT.
NOW WELL DEFINED, THE CHILDREN OF "PROCESS"
SHE WOULD CATEGORIZE - ANALYZE -
THEN AGAIN CATEGORIZE,
AND WITH A MIND THAT WAS FUELED
WITH THE HEAT OF BATTLE - SHE WONDERED HOW LONG
SHE COULD PRODUCE - RECORD PICTURES - LIGHT TAKEN
PRISONER, HELD FOR YEARS - IN BLACK AND WHITE.
A PORTION OF A SECOND - RECORDED AS STIMULUS
TO WHICH PATTI COULD RESPOND.
KNEES, HEALED, TWO, FEW BRUISES HAD LEFT
RECORDS OF HAVING EXISTED.
TWO, FEW, KNEES RECORDED SLOBBER STAINS,
AND AS SHE LAUGHED OUT LOUD, AND ISSUED
STATEMENTS OF APPROVAL, WHEN PHOTOGRAPHS
WERE VIEWED, SHE WONDERED - AS
DOG LAY STILL AND SILENT.

Shift/ THERE WAS/is strength in the
process, something that creates, energizes,
and in turn, destroys - how for moments
that lasted days - you are consumed - It
means everything (minus) and then as
quickly as it came - she's gone - AN
attack by viciousness that devours -
you realized or will realize that there
was something more.

" Coonie Moonie, she use to call him,
AND with the faint smile that caused
his foot to raise, she would laugh AND
laugh AND AFTER BELLIES FULLS OF
laughter echoed in the night, only then
could she realize "Truth" the moon
did Rest in the viciousness of vicious
CRAZY Dog the moon having tired
itself, having worked A full half
day's night, laid itself to Rest in
the eyes that ate away at "process",

SHE WONDERED SOMETIMES WHETHER THE MOON
ROSE WHEN HER BACK WAS TURNED. WHETHER
SHE COULD CLOSE HER EYES AND SEE THE DOG,
THE DOG OF VICIOUSNESS NIP AT HER ANKLES OR
AT HER HEELS. SHE WAS AFRAID SOMETIMES
..... AFRAID OF NOT SEEING AND AFRAID OF
NOT HEARING... ∴

PATTI (CREATIVE MIND) WAS AFRAID TO LOOK BACK.
THE NIGHT, LIKE TAR WATER SPLASHING THE
FROZEN BEACHES OF MENTALNESS, LEFT THE "PROCESS"
STILL.

· "REFLECTION, SELF REFLECTION, THEN REFLECTION AGAIN" "SHADOWS HIDING IN THE DARKNESS ARE NO LONGER SHADOWS", SHE SAID. ONLY SOMETHING NOT COMPLETELY UNDERSTOOD. AND WITH HANDS THAT TRAVELED MANY MILES IN SEARCH OF RECOGNITION- SHE HELD IMAGES UP TO HER FACE TO LOOK, TO SEE, TO LOOK AGAIN, TO SEE IF SOMETHING IN PROCESS HAD CHANGED, HAD ALIENATED FROM "SELF", BECAME DETACHED FROM PROCESS, HAD "UNKLED", LEAVING BEHIND HANDS TO CREATE PICTURES OF HER FACE THAT SHE COULD RECOGNIZE - COULD PROCESS SEPARATE AND STILL SURVIVE - COULD CLOUDS OF IMAGINATION RAIN DECISION - COULD PROCESS BE SO COMPLICATED THAT WHEN VICIOUS DOG ATTACK - SPAT FORTH VICIOUSNESS IN EVERY BREATH - THAT THE BREATH ALONE COULD COLLAPSE THE FOUNDATIONS, THE LEGS THAT SUPPORTED HER KNEES IN THE SHADOWS OF UNDERSTANDING

"THE SHADOWS, NOW WHAT DO THEY MEAN"
 "SHE USE TO SAY - AND WITH DRIFTS IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUS MIND - SHE STRUGGLED TO TRY TO UNTIE CONFUSION - TO RELEASE 'RATIONALIZATION' FROM THE PRISON OF BELONGING TO SOMETHING IT DID NOT BELIEVE IN.

AND WHEN CONFUSED BY PROCESS, WHEN FEELING UNATTACHED, SHE WOULD LOOK AT HER FINGERS, AND WONDER IF EACH ONE MATCHED A TOE - IF INDEX FINGER HAD INDEX TOE. - IF CREATIVITY HAD DIRECTION, SOMETHING SHE DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO EXPLAIN. WHETHER IN THE END GOD WOULD MAKE -- AN EXCEPTION WHEN IT CAME TO HER, WHETHER TATOOED ON EVERY TOE, WAS A PICTURE OF FACE, SO WHEN IN THE SHADOWS DARK, VICIOUS CRAZY DOG COULD FOLLOW TINY FACEPRINTS, WHEN HE HAD FORGOTTEN THE TASTE OF KNEES.

" SHE OFTEN WONDERED ABOUT THE CHEMISTRY

THAT WENT ON INSIDE HER MIND .

THE CONSTANT DRIFTS OF SENSES .

LONGITUDINAL AND LATITUDINAL SHIFTS OF CRAZY
CONSCIOUSNESS .

"WHAT PLATEAU HAVE WE REACHED?" SHE ASKED
AND WITH THE MOST INSENSITIVE SMILE, WITH GUMS
SLIGHTLY PROTRUDING, VICIOUS CRAZY DOG UTTERED "NONE".
SPEAKING FROM BELLY, INSTEAD OF MIND

AND TRYING TO ADVANCE, NOT ON SOMEONE ELSE'S TERMS
BUT HER OWN - TERMS THAT SHOWED HER FACE WELL DEFINED .
SHIFT/ IT WAS MORNING BEFORE

BEFORE SHE WAS TO RAISE HER PANTS AND PUBLICIZE
HER KNEES, AND DOG WOULD SHOW HIS TOES,

"WITH WHOM WOULD THEY SIDE?"

AND WITH HANDS IN POCKETS, SHE HID HER FINGERS
SO AS TO NOT REACH, TO GRAB, AND VICIOUSLY ATTACK
THOSE TO WHOM SHE DID NOT SIDE WITH.

THE DAMAGE DONE, THE CLAIM PAID - AGONY LESS PAINFUL
THAN SHE ONETIME BELIEVED. AND WITH A SIGH, AND EYES
THAT LOOKED DOWN ON WHAT SHE HAD FOR SO LONG FOUGHT
FOR, SHE SAID - ITS OVER FOR A WHILE, A SINGLE PLATEAU
REACHED. AN IMPRINTING ON PUBLIC MIND, OF COLLECTABLES,
TIDBITS OF SENSES, A FRAGMENT OF THE BATTLE DISPLAYED
IN TERMS OF BLACK AND WHITE, SELECTED, EDITED, AND
OFFERED FOR PUBLIC ATTENTION.

SHIFT/ HE WOULD HELP HER, AND HIM, AND -THE
VICIOUSNESS OF DOG - BE DISPLAYED IN SITUATIONS SHE
HOPED PAID DIVIDENDS ON THEIR INVESTMENTS -
INTEREST ON HER RETURN -

Re-cognize face attached to the hands of someone
else's wrist- they and it were not mine, I could tell
when objects to be represented crept in the dark of
night and became attached, became indexical- identity
associated to the person to whom it would belong-
WHAT MADE PATTI'S FACE DIFFERENT, EASILY RECOGNIZABLE.
DID I HAVE SOMETHING IN THE VAT OF MENTALNESS-
A picture- that I could reach in and grab,
and with self determination, and the refusal to be
paralyzed by her smile, place picture next to face -
yes it was she, or her, picture neither good nor
colored, but served as stimulus to match process to
object. " IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT LOOKS LIKE ME,
SHE SAID, AND WITH MENTAL SCISSORS SHE CUT HER
LOWER LIP AND CHIN OUT, AND PLACED THEM REVERSED.
"WOULD IT MATTER, COULD YOU TELL IT WAS ME OR I"
SHIFT/MANY TIMES I THOUGHT HER FEET TRAVELED
IN DIRECTIONS ONLY MY BACK COULD SEE - HER FRONT
TO MY BACK- THE WORDS DID NOT COME EASY, I WAITED
PATIENTLY- WAS THERE SOMETHING THAT HID BENEATH HER
PARTS LABELED "SELF"- THAT I COULD NOT RECOGNIZE,
HAD OPPORTUNITIES KNOCKED -
LEAVING ME WITH THE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS UNDESCRIBED.

BROWN HAIR
5'6"
small, petite
with recognizable face
matching picture
under which was labeled "process"
under which was labeled "fear".

" THIS RECENTLY DEVELOPED ATTITUDE OF UNION,
THE TWO AS ONE" AND SHE DESCRIBED
HERSELF IN TERMS OF "CRITICAL MIND"
" I WITH BLANKET ON THE FLOOR, COLLAR ON
NECK UNTIED, I STARED INTO THE LIGHT -
SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS, I
WOULD REFUSE TO ASK,
ANALYZING MY POSITION FROM POINTS
I HADN'T REACHED, "AND WITH A SMILE
THAT CONSTITUTED "FEAR" SHE SAID,
"ALONE, INQUIRING AND SEARCHING".

THE YARD PICTURES ...

I CANNOT RALLY, GATHER MENTAL FORCES AND FUNCTION
WHEN I'M NOT REAL, WHEN MY MIND IS FEELING FUNNY
AND WITH A MIND THAT ENCOURAGES BATTLES BETWEEN
MYSELF AND THE VICIOUSNESS OF DOG. "I pretend"
"They (the battles) were in the name of validity
AS IF DENYING THE GENERAL CONCEPT MADE THE
BATTLEGROUND MORE CONCRETE, THE AGGRESSION
WORTH PURSUING, AND THEN SHE LAUGHED A LITTLE ON
THE INSIDE, AND LET A LITTLE ESCAPE TO THE OUTSIDE TWO!
WHEN HAVING FUN, WHEN PICTURES MEANT MORE,
OR NOTHING MORE THAN DESCRIBING "TIME IN SPACE",
WE HAD NO HARD TIMES BELIEVING - "WE WOULD GATHER"
SHE SAID "AND POSITION OURSELVES SO LIGHT RECORDED
FACE, GRIN AND FIRE, AND ON A PIECE OF PAPER,
WHITE, GREYS, AND BLACK RESTED - 2-DIMENSIONAL
"US", NO NEED FOR THE THIRD DIMENSION. "NO NEED
FOR DEPTH, NO NEED TO SHOW THE VICIOUSNESS OF DOG,
IN TERMS OTHER THAN BLACK AND WHITE."
"AND PATTI WOULD SHOW HER KNEES, COVERED WITH
DENIM, FEARING NOT, FEELING WELL PROTECTED AND
WE WOULD SMILE, AND GRIN, AND FIRE, ANOTHER
PICTURE RECORDED. SHE SAID ONE TIME WHEN HUMOR
ESCAPED HER BELLY AND BECAME PROPERTY OF
SOME ONE ELSE

that "this is not the open season on knees"
And she would point them in any direction, and
dare vicious crazy dog to bite, and with the
wisdom of "tonsils removed" he waited in
time, and when time positioned itself,
ready for conversion of image to black
and white, the viciousness of dog could
not be found. So in yard pictures, she
showed her knees, and all her flying colors,
and for some reason undescribed she lapsed
in "blue bruise pen" vicious crazy dog's interest
"elsewhere". But there was time and mental
space between the fact, and the black and
white recorded.

' OUTSIDE YARD, SHE POSITIONED HERSELF, WITH HOE
HANDLE FOWARD, AND WITH KNEES BARELY SEEN
to have picture recorded. "Why did you Always
like this picture, As if you thought that it
was one to be left Alone.", unlabeled, UNABLE
To BE ATTACKED - ONE FOR GENERAL AGREEMENT.
/she had positioned hand, grip tight, AROUND
handle, BLADE SHARP, to WARD OFF ATTACK
OF WEEDS PHYSICAL, AND VARIOUS CRAZY DOG
MENTAL.

THE COLLISION PICTURES:

DISROBING, SHOWING HAIRY CHEST

PUTTING DOWN DEFENCES AND INVITING ATTACK,

"HIS EYES WERE MEAN AND HAIRY" SHE LAUGHED,

WHEN SHE SAID THE WORDS, HALF BELIEVING
THEY WERE REAL, HALF BELIEVING THEY WERE NOT.

"WHY DO I CRITICIZE, ANALYZE, THEN RECRITICIZE.

AND NERVOUSLY SHE SEARCHED FOR MEANINGS SHE
DID NOT HAVE.

SHE REALLY ONLY KNEW HIM WHEN SHE SPOKE

IN TERMS OF ORIGIN, A COMBINATION OF TWO

$1 + 1 + 1 = 2$ DISROBE, DEROBE, THEN DISROBE

AGAIN. THERE WERE REALLY MANY PARTS OF

HIM HE SHOWED, BUT REALLY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"It's hard" she said, "To LOOK BACK AT PROCESS,"
AND NOT REMEMBER THE "INDECISION"-
"WHY DID CRITICAL MIND LOOK AT ME AS IF HE
DIDN'T UNDERSTAND MY EACH AND EVERY MOVE
IN HIS CYCS RESTED "SEARCH", A WAY TO COMPLETE
THE TASK, "WITH ONLY ONE PUPIL LIT, AT TIMES
"MOON EYES TWO", OFFERING HAND AS IF BY
SOME UNPARDONABLE CONSEQUENCE - I WASN'T
OFFERING ENOUGH. "CREATE" AT TIMES HE WOULD
SAY - SO BY EARLY MORNING LIGHT, THAT SOMEHOW
CONSTITUTED "FREEDOM" - MOONEYES COULD DESTROY.

THE HAND OF PATTI ACTIVATED THE VICIOUSNESS
OF DOG - SELDOM WOULD HE ARISE AND SHOW TEETH
UNLESS REWARD WAS OFFERED - AND ALTHOUGH HE
WOULD BRING DISCOMFORT TO THE ONE, WHOSE KNEES
HE KNEW BEST, HE NEVER BIT HARD ENOUGH TO
COMPLETELY DESTROY - AND SOMETIMES ONLY LICK
THE KNEES OF PATTI, NOT WITH AFFECTION BUT
TO REMIND, TO TASTE, IMMOBILITY - AND ALTHOUGH
SHE THOUGHT THE "VICIOUSNESS" LIVED INSIDE HIS
TEETH, KNOWLEDGE RETAINED, HE KNEW ALSO, THAT
IT ALSO LIVED INSIDE HIS TOES.

"WHAT DID HER TONSILS LOOK LIKE" \

SHE WOULD SAY, WHEN PARTS OF HERSELF WERE LEFT UNDESCRIBED, SHE KNEW, BUT DID NOT UNDERSTAND. THAT SHE LIKE VICIOUSNESS OF DOG BELONG TO HER MOUTH AND HER MIND-LIKE TONSILS DANGLING

"THERE IS SOME OF ME IN HIM, AND SOME OF HIM IN ME," SHE WROTE WHEN ASKED TO DESCRIBE THE

LINE OF DEMARCATION" AND SILENTLY WITH PEN CLUTCHED IN THE GRIP OF "FINGERS PROCESS", SHE

SCRIBBLED - "I AM HIM AND HE ARE ME" A

RECONCILIATION, WITH LINE OF DEMARCATION LABELED

"FLUID"- SHE SAID "I WILL ADJUST MYSELF TO THE

FACT THAT THROUGH OTHER'S EYES, I CAN BE SEEN,

SEEN AS SIMPLE, SEEN AS COMPLEX, AND WITH

PEN THAT KNEW ONLY THE COLOR "BLUE BRUISE"

SHE OPENED HER MOUTH AND WROTE ON ONE

TONSIL "I AND ME" AND ON THE OTHER SHE

SCRIBBLED WITH WORDS TOO SMALL TO SEE, "HE

VICIOUS CRAZY DOG.

SHIFT/ SEE MYSELF IN TERMS OF PERSON DESCRIBING,

ANALYZING, MY FACE HAD MANY FUNCTIONS SHE

UTTERED, AND WITH THE BURDEN OF RECOGNITION

THE FACT OF TRANSITION, SHE REPEATED-

"I IS ME, AND ME IS I, AND ME IS HE AND
he is me",

WHAT WOULD SHE LABEL THE "EXILED PLATEAU?"
 MAYBE CONSCIOUS DILEMMA" OR PERHAPS THE
 UNION OF PATTI AND DOG - "PAT DOG" — "INAPPROPRIATE."
 SHIFT/ SHE HAD LIVED MANY YEARS IN A SINGLE DAY -
 IN MONTHS SEVEN, SHE HAD BURIED PARTS OF HERSELF
 MANY TIMES MORE THAN ONCE, IN COLLISIONS SHE WOULD
 COME OUT BADLY BRUISED, BUT ALIVE AND FUNCTIONING,
 A LITTLE LESS, A LITTLE MORE, APPROPRIATE FOR WASH
 AND WEAR.

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, COULD SHE BREATHE NOW,
 WITH LESS PAINS OF INDECISION - COULD SHE SEE
 DIRECTION WITHOUT HAVING TO DRAG THE DOG ALONG.

THE ANSWER YES, THE ANSWER NO, CAUSE SOMEWHERE
 IN THE DISTANCE SHE COULD HEAR HIS CRAZY BARK,
 SOMEWHERE IN HER HEART SHE MISSED HIM.

SOMEWHERE IN HER MIND SHE ENJOYED Slobber ON
 HER KNEES, "I GREW" SHE SAID, "I CAME TO TERMS
 WITH SELF", "I SAW ME AS ME AND I, AND I SAW
 VICIOUS CRAZY DOG AS DOG AND I AND ME, AND WITH
 A SMILE THAT ECHOED LAUGHTER FROM A MILLION
 DIFFERENT HURTS, SHE SPAT, ON GROUND COLD, TO RID HERSELF
 OF THE AFTERTASTE OF SOMETHINGS IN HER MIND
 THAT SHE HAD TASTED BUT REALLY DIDN'T LIKE/

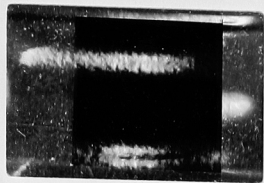
"SOMEBODY ASKED ME WHERE DO I GO FROM HEAR (HERE)"
 SHE SAID, AND SHE ANSWERED IN CAPITAL LETTERS
 BUT UNDER BREATH OF CONTROLLED INDECISION

"NOWHERE FOR AWHILE" AND SHE PUT HER PEN DOWN,
 - NO MORE CRAZY SCRIBBLING, AND PREPARED HERSELF
 THEN DOG, TO BE PRESENTED.

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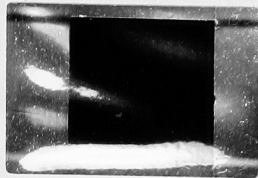
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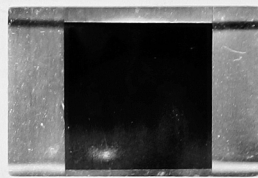
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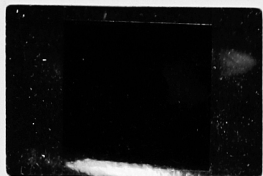
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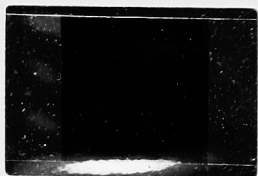
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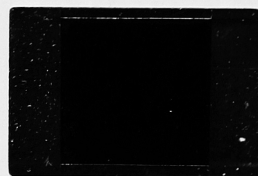
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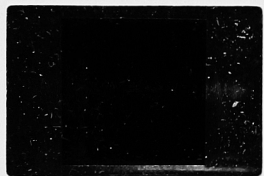
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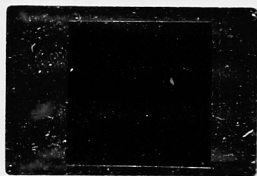
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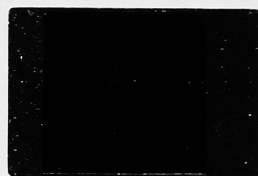
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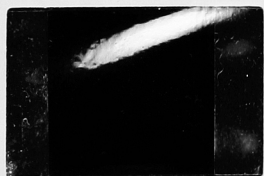
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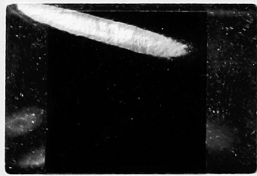
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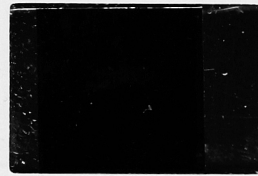
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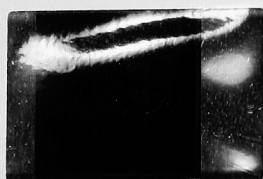
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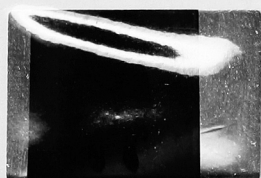
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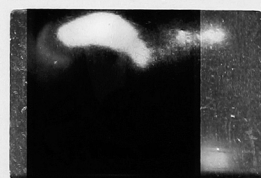
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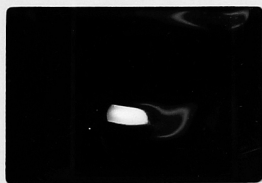
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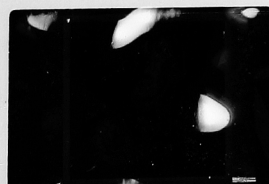
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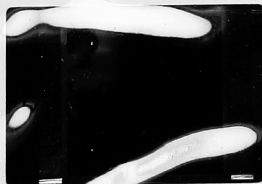
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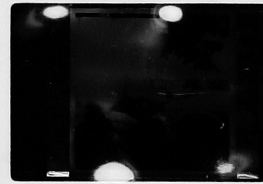
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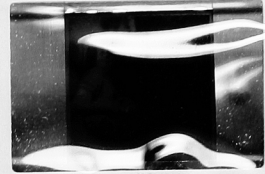
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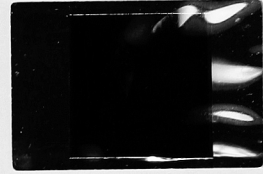
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